

EACH HAD KILLED A WOMAN

Besides Giblin and Carlton, who are already under sentence of death, there are fifteen men and one woman in the Tomba prison waiting trial for homicide. Giovanni Scisenti killed Henry Narvik a peddler, in December, 1933.

PROTEST FROM THE CITIZENS

... indicate that there is a hurricane centered over the Bahama Islands and a cyclone disturbance of increasing energy in the Gulf of Mexico. The present position

DUN'S WEEKLY TRADE REVIEW.

ives. He is wanted here for alleged complicity in the \$3,000,000 Manhattan bank robbery of 1878. He was brought here yesterday evening and locked up at police headquarters.

train and two others, besides smashing a great deal of citrus belongings. The loss is \$60,000.

Published Every Evening Except Sunday

W. G. HARDING.

TERMS:
By Mail.....\$4 per Year in Advance
Delivered by Carrier.....10 Cts. per Week

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21.

There is some degree of satisfaction in the assurance that work will go right along on the waterworks plant, despite the quo warranto proceedings. Howland & Ellis do not propose to be annoyed. Of course the loss of the Scioto Water Co's charter would hinder their sale of bonds, if it should be forfeited in the legal contest, but such an outcome is not feared by the company.

In addition to being under bond for criminal libel, the editor of the Daily Star has been sued for \$10,000 damages in a civil libel suit. It comes high to be Alexy but some people must have it.—Mirror.

This is the fraternal (?) notice of our Democratic cotemporary in a sneering view, and in a like manner it was copied by the Latrobe noodle, an alleged newspaper in the west end of the county. The jealous Mirror is endeavoring to create the impression that the Star is an unworthy sheet and the Latrobe "purr" joins in because a clipping of some one else's paragraph is the extent of its capacity. Go it, boys, have you fun while you can.

Care of the Eyes.
Sit erect in your chair when reading, and as erect when writing as possible. If you bend downwards you not only gorge the eyes with blood, but the brain as well, and both suffer. The same rule should apply to the use of the microscope. Get one that will enable you to look at things horizontally, not always vertically.

Have a reading lamp for night use. N. B.—In reading the light should be on the book or paper and the eyes in the shade. If you have no reading lamp, turn your back to the light and you may read without danger to the eyes.

Hold the book at your focus; if that begins to get away, get spectacles.

Avoid reading by the flickering light of the fire.

Avoid straining the eyes by reading in the gloaming.

Reading in bed is injurious as a rule. It must be admitted, however, that in cases of sleeplessness when the mind is inclined to ramble over a thousand thoughts a minute, reading steadies the thoughts and conduces to sleep.

Do not read much in a railway carriage. I myself always do, however, only in a good light, and I invariably carry a good reading lamp to hook on behind me. Thousands of people would travel by night rather than by day if the companies could only see their way to the exclusive use of the electric lamp.

Authors should have black ruled paper instead of blue, and should never strain the eyes by reading too fine types.

The bedroom blinds should be red or gray, and the head of the bed should be toward the window.

Those ladies who not only write, but sew, should not attempt the black seam by night.

When you come to an age that suggests the wearing of spectacles, let no false modesty prevent you from getting a pair. If you have only one eye, an eyeglass will do otherwise it is folly.

Go to the wisest and best optician you know of, and state your wants and your case plainly, and be assured you will be properly fitted.

Remember that bad spectacles are most injurious to the eyes, and that good and well chosen ones are a decided luxury.

Get a pair for reading with, and if necessary a long distance pair for use out of doors.—Cassell's Magazine.

Tales from the Ginn Arabic.

In the visions of the night Malek Ak Drawbar lay upon his bed, and saw all peoples of the earth huddling together, to be assigned to their future abiding places. As he looked off to the left he saw a vast multitude, whom no man might number, flocking by themselves, and at short intervals large crowds came from various directions to join themselves with this great throng. He noticed also that all these people regarded each other with strong but ill concealed suspicion. "And who are these," asked Malek Ak Drawbar, "who outnumber the sands of the seashore for multitude?" "Oh, these fellows," replied his guide, "these are the men who have overthrown Artimus Ward and brought out Bill Nye." "And what will be done with them?" asked Malek. "Can't tell," replied his guide; "they're not all in yet; they'll be coming in along for the next century." And then Malek Ak Drawbar, remembering that he had once written to The Yoomer Habbuck that he was the first man to find Mark Twain and develop the humor that was then latent in him, gave a cold shiver a foot long and awake. "It was a close squeak for me," he said, and he resolved that during the rest of his life he would tell the truth, so far as it was compatible with editorial writing on a reform paper.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

The Stone Elephant.

There is a stone elephant in Inyo county, California. The rock that has taken the form of an elephant is a dark gray granite that is almost the color of the skin of an elephant. The first travelers in California, it is said, on catching sight of it, thought that they had found a petrified mastodon. A Pute Indian, on being asked if he had ever seen the "stone elephant," replied: "Yash, me see him many year ago. Long time Injun no sabe him; now see him all same in big show up Virginny City."—New York Tribune.

The Mysterious Spirit of Myrtle Pond in Georgia—The Story.

There is a lonely and sequestered spot in the woods around Brunswick, where no negro man, woman or child will dare be found.

In what is generally known as Fulton's pasture, near Dixville and facing the boulevard, is a pond of stagnant water, the surroundings of which are all suggestive of quiet and solitude. The surface of the pond is dotted with small clumps of sand, upon which a myrtle bush grows. The pond itself is about 500 yards in circumference, with an average depth of one and a half feet.

It is said that no negro will go near this pond at any hour of the day, and investigation has proven this statement to be true. Upon questioning one of these prejudiced dunces, a reporter learned the following cause for shunning it by the colored people.

Way back yonder in the early part of the year 1869, a young negro girl was sent by her mother to gather wood in the neighborhood of the pond and she never returned. Search was made for her, but nothing was found except her white beaming hat, which was found floating on the stagnant water. The community was aroused and turned out en masse to find the missing child. They failed to find her.

One dark night, about one year after this strange disappearance, a lone negro fisherman landed at the bank, near where the boulevard bridge now stands, and gathering up his oars, carboles and the few fish he had been fortunate enough to catch, proceeded on his way home. It being considerably nearer for him to "cut" through these woods, he did so and had to pass directly by the pond in question. As he picked his way carefully through the underbrush, his keen sighted eyes peering eagerly through the darkness, a strange sound met his ears. It was the voice of a child, singing some weird and discordant notes of a well known plantation air. The fisherman paused and listened. It seemed as if the source of the song was drawing nearer. At last, almost paralyzed with fear, the old negro called out:

"Who's there?"

"The spirit of Myrtle pond."

So weird and unearthly was the answer that the old negro turned and ran in the direction from which he came, while the ghastly music was resumed. The fisherman reached his cottage by a more roundabout way that night, and his family, in their humble cot, listened to his recital of the thrilling experience he had passed through. The story spread until it was general talk among the superstitious negroes, and not one dared approach the pond. Atlanta Constitution.

Relations of the Senses.

Dr. Urbanseitsch, of Vienna, has for some time past been engaged in a series of experiments on the mutual action of the sense organs, and the results he has obtained are most curious. The sense of sight and hearing were shown by these experiments to be to some extent dependent on each other. Colored plates were placed at a distance where the colors could scarcely be distinguished, but on the production of various sounds the colors were more readily recognized, the colors becoming the more distinct the higher the pitch of the same. Printed matter could also be read in a dimly lighted room much better if the ears were simultaneously employed in receiving sounds than in complete silence. In like manner the activity of the eyes aided in the recognition of sounds. The ticking of a watch was found to be more easily heard in the light with the eyes open than in the dark with the eyes closed.

Various colors of light were found to vary in their effects upon the auditory organs, red and green strengthening and blue and green weakening them. In the case of taste and smell corresponding effects were observed. Light in general, and particularly red and green, heightens their sensitiveness, while blue and yellow, and still more darkness, reduces it. If a person is exposed to red or green light he can taste not merely with the anterior edges of the tongue, but with its whole surface. There is a curious reciprocal action between the sense of touch and the heat sense, which, though they have not distinct organs, are certainly not identical. If the skin is tickled with a pin and the hand is then plunged into hot water the sensation ceases. If, on the other hand, any part of the body is tickled and the hand or foot is thrust into cold water, the chilly feeling is intensified. Boston Herald.

Yellow Shoes.

Dr. Weyl also described the case of a young man in Munich who had been poisoned by the yellow dyeing matter used in coloring sunset shoes. After wearing these shoes for one week the young man's feet were covered with small yellow blisters, which, in the middle of the second week, began to spread to his ankles. His doctor had him give up the shoes and cured the eruptions in ten days. The yellow leather was subsequently examined at the Munich Hygienic institute, and was found to be saturated with a dangerous yellow dye. Dr. Weyl's advice to his colleagues was: "Don't wear sunset shoes." Chicago Tribune.

Ceuteness of Sandhill Cranes.

Several Orlando families have just caught night waders. No tramp or thief can approach them premises without hearing a clear whistle note of alarm. May Foster has a flock of cranes. He had one pair to which the wild ones paid frequent visits, and several were entered under way netting and their wings clipped. A farmer finds that a pair of these birds are as good as two hands at keeping the worms off his tobacco. They carefully take row after row, and it is a shy worm that escapes the keen eyes and the sharp bills of the cranes.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Cor. New York Tribune.

KEEPER WHITE, OF NEW YORK, TELLS OF HIS EXPERIENCE.

The Dead House Not Particularly Unhealthy—More Applications for Positions as Helpers Than Are Vacancies.

The Late Dr. Hamilton's Views.

"Look at me."

The speaker was a man of medium height and rather inclined to stoutness. His hair is turning gray, but his eyes were bright and cheery and his face glowed with the hue of health.

"How old are you?"

The writer placed his age at 40 years at a venture, though 38 years would have been apparently an equally close guess.

"That's what most people take me for. I am nearly 40 years old, and have spent the last seventeen years of my life in the city dead house. Do I look sickly?"

KILLING BAD ODORS.

Albert White, the keeper of the city morgue, was discussing the death of Joseph Fogarty, for several years the assistant keeper, and was indignantly denying the widely credited report that constant intercourse with the bodies of the dead had evil effects upon the health of the living.

"I have employed hundreds of men and women here," continued the keeper, "since I have had charge of this department, and have never yet had one die from the effects of handling dead bodies or being constantly among them. Some have died, it is true, but they have only themselves to blame for it. I have had seven assistant keepers. Fogarty was the last. My first assistant was the only man who contracted a disease here, and I am not quite sure that this is the place he caught it. One day he came down with smallpox, though we never had a case of smallpox in the building to our knowledge. He recovered and is now an attendant in the City Insane asylum. Fogarty died from heart disease. He was born with it. Why, every week during the college seasons for years Dr. Janeway would have Joe go up before his class for examination. He had a triple aneurism of the heart, so he called it, and he was one of the only cases ever known. When he had his leg taken off there was a consultation of twenty or thirty big doctors to decide whether they would give him ether or not. They concluded he would die if they didn't, so they gave it to him and he recovered."

As the keeper talked the wind shifted to the east and the breeze that brought miniature white caps to the waves that dashed under the city dead house also carried into the office a faint odor from the long, low room that extends over the river and where the bodies are kept. "Small that odor?" went on Mr. White, throwing up one of the doors. "Well, that's all we ever get, and there's nothing unhealthy in that. It's not altogether pleasant, I know, but if you didn't know what it came from you'd hardly notice it. We pick the bodies in red carbolic solution. That absorbs the natural moisture. Then we keep the stone floor always wet. That carries off the odor as fast as it is made. That is the way we manage to keep healthy."

"But isn't work in the morgue calculated to affect a man's mind more than it does his body?"

"Why should it any more than the work of an undertaker? Look at me," rejoined the keeper with a touch of pardonable pride in his tones. "I think my mind is as healthy as most men's, and I've spent most of a lifetime here. After a man's used to the work there is nothing excessively unpleasant about it. No keeper ever committed suicide."

"I have never had a helper go insane. It doesn't affect their moral natures. In the least so far as I can find out. I never know it to affect any one's particularly. We never had a helper commit suicide, and I never knew of a man's killing himself in or near the morgue."

"Do you have any trouble in getting helpers?"

"I can get more than I need. There are always a dozen or more applications than there are vacancies, and when I discharge a man I am overrun with applications within twenty-four hours. No, I tell you, the morgue is a healthy place to work in, public opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, and a man who takes care of himself can live here as long as he can anywhere."

The late Dr. Frank H. Hamilton, who won a national reputation during the fatal illness of President Garfield, agreed with Mr. White in every particular, and even went further.

"The effects of a rank growth of vegetation," wrote the doctor, "are much more pernicious to human life and health than the decay of animal structures. In the great Parisian slaughter houses, especially Montfaucon, where annually are brought 10,000 to 15,000 dead, dying or worn out horses, dogs, cats and other domestic animals, every portion of whose bodies was there worked over and used up for various economic purposes, the workmen enjoy as good health as the same class of laborers in any other occupation."

"In New York," he continued, "where large slaughter houses are scattered here and there along the water fronts, among the poorest hovels and tenement houses, I am told that there does not exist any more sickness than is usually found among the same number of poor in all the crowded tenement districts of the city. Yet there is not a slaughter house in New York in which more or less of the blood from the slaughtered animals, with fragments of flesh, etc., do not lie in or about or under the floor, there to undergo putrefaction. The mortality and general sanitary statistics of Chicago will probably not show that it is any more unhealthy today than it was before it became the slaughter house of the world. Dessau, the famous French anatomist, was fond of repeating the old saying: 'When the animal dies the poison dies, too.'—New York Mail."

Modern superstitions about crows.

Possession of numerous large diamonds insures the owner against immediate want.

The presentation by a gentleman to a lady of a fine ruby, set in a ring, gives promise of an early marriage.

Oval pieces of finely polished crystal improve the vision.

A Rhinestone threatens the weary's friends with imposition and deceit.

The ownership of a fine, large, pure sapphire indicates clear discernment.

To leave a very fine fire opal in the hands of an uncles means misfortune, if not poverty.—Jeweler's Weekly.

A railway train in Missouri stopped at an eating station, and a hungry traveler, starting out, thus addressed a man who sat near him:

"I wish you would keep an eye on my valise while I am gone."

"All right."

Shortly afterward the traveler saw a man hastening away with the valise. He ran after the fellow, shouting, "stop thief," and soon afterward a police officer whose attention had been attracted arrested the culprit. By this time the train had gone, and the traveler, determined that the awful hand of justice should fall upon the thief, had him arraigned before a justice of the peace.

"Well," said the magistrate, addressing the prisoner, "what defense have you to make?"

"I don't need to make any defense, your honor," he answered. "As this man was getting off the train he told me to keep an eye on his valise. I told him I would, and just after he had gone I remembered that I had to go up town to attend to a little piece of business. What was I to do? I had given my word as a gentleman that I would keep my eye on the valise. My business uptown was important, but could I, even for the sake of attending to important business, afford to tell a falsehood? I could not; I would keep my eye on the baggage; and I would take it with me. I started, and the man, seeing me and not understanding the purity of my motives, had me arrested."

"Did you at any time take your eye off the valise?" the justice asked.

"No, your honor."

"Then, sir, I think you have acted in a most honorable manner. You are discharged."

The traveler had turned away, when, finding a man walking beside him, thus remarked: "He is a peculiar justice of the peace, I must say. He is easily impressed with the story of a stranger."

"Stranger?" the man repeated. "That fellow's no stranger. He is a constable and is attached to that oldascal's court."

—Arkansas Traveler.

A Long Lost Process.

In the older Egyptian mummies the face of the outer casing is usually modeled in relief, in a purely conventional way, but in this latest form of burial under the Roman empire a portrait of the deceased was painted on a very thin piece of wood and then fixed over the dead face. It is very remarkable to find such fine coloring and skillful drawing in work of this late date, which must have been turned out of an ordinary undertaker's work shop. The portraits, both male and female, are most vivid and life like. The ladies are mostly dressed in a purple garment and the men in white, with a red sash. The modeling of the flesh is very skillful and in some cases the coloring reminds one of the Venetian school from its rich depth of tone.

A special point of interest about these paintings is their technical execution in hot wax, or encaustic process, as it was called. The pigments were mixed with melted wax and then fixed in their place by holding a charcoal brazier near the surface of the painting, as is described by Vitruvius. The somewhat lumpy appearance of the surface is due to the hardening of the wax when the brush touched the cold surface of the panel, and, owing to the non-absorbent nature of the wood, the subsequent application of heat was not able to drive the wax below the surface, as was the case with encaustic painting upon stucco. One of these portraits is noticeable from its ornamental framing, with a flowing pattern, formed by pressing wood stamps upon soft stucco, which was afterward gilt, a process exactly like that which was so often used to decorate medieval pictures on panel, especially retablos, or altarpieces, as the Venetians called them.—London Saturday Review.

A Trout Stream Fable.

A Trout was lurking under a bank when a Redfin came along with an air of importance.

"What has happened to you," inquired the Trout, "that has made you so inflated?"

"A gentleman angler, a real gentleman angler, has come here to fish. I know he is a real gentleman angler," replied the Redfin, "for he fishes only for amusement. I caught his fly and found myself drawn swiftly through the water until he raised me gently with a net. I begged him not to hurt me, and he said: 'Hurt you, you beautiful thing, I would not think of such an act.' Thereupon he gently removed the metal from my jaw, and placed me back in the water."

"Did it not hurt to have the hook in your jaw?" inquired the Trout.

"Not in the least," replied the Redfin.

"And he called you beautiful?" pursued the Trout.

"He did that," replied the Redfin with pride.

"Then wait until you hear what he says when he sees me," said the Trout. Whereupon he seized the fly the gentleman angler had just dropped near the bank. The gentleman angler took the Trout from the water with the exclamation: "This is the finest fish I have seen in many a day." The Trout swelled up with pride and cast a disdainful look at the Redfin in the water beneath him. But the gentleman angler placed the Trout in his basket instead of back in the water, and the Redfin thanked his stars that he was not born as beautiful as a Trout.—New York Herald.

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Not for the sand man's jolly old fellow.

With twinkling eyes and a gleaming smile, he comes when the candles flicker yellow.

And he does his work in painted style.

For he lights his candle with a touch of sand with a light and a look and a generous hand.

Not for the sand man's merry old caddy.

His aim is firm and his shot is crack.

And the sharpest whet of the deadliest dagger

Can leave him never, nor hold him back.

Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, brown,

He powders them soft—and the lids drop down.

Not for the sand man's funny old power.

He stops the playing and baits the fun;

He doesn't wait till the games are over.

He doesn't care whether the romps are done.

He shaggy old head pokes in, and not

Months gape a sidle and feet long slow

Not for the sand man, blithesome old caller.

Mothers scold him and nurses adore.

For he gathers the children, the big and the smaller.

And hurries them swiftly away before

They know he's been done to the babbling

And the singing birds of the land of dreams.

—Emma A. Upper in Good Housekeeping.

Plant Worship.

The plant worship, which holds so prominent a place in the history of the primitive races of mankind, would appear to have sprung from a perception of the beauty and utility of trees. Survivals of this still linger on in many parts of Europe. The peasants in Bohemia will still forth into their gardens before sunrise on Good Friday and, falling upon their knees before a tree, will exclaim: "I pray, O green tree, that God may make thee good." At night time they will run to and fro about their gardens crying: "Bail, O tree, bail, or I will flog you."

In our own country the Devonshire farmers and their men will to this day go out into their orchards after supper on the evening of Twelfth day, carrying with them a large milk pail of cider, with roasted apples pressed into it. All present hold in their hands an earthenware cup filled with liquor, and taking up their stand beneath those apple trees which have borne the most fruit, address them in these words:

"Health to thee, good apple tree.

Well to bear pears falls, but fails

Teeth fails, but teeth fail not."

simultaneously dashing the contents of their cups over the trees. The observance of this ceremony, which is locally known as "wassailing," is enjoined by Thomas Tesser in his work entitled "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," wherein he bids the husbandman:

"Assail the trees that they may bear

You must a good and busy year.

For more or less they will bring,

As you do them wassailing."

—Gentlemen's Magazine (London).

The Shah's Mamel.

A new and notable figure among the numerous dignitaries and officials in the suite of the shah of Persia is a young boy of 12, whom the shah has covered with dignities and titles, and who is an object of envy and fear to most of his majesty's ministers. His name is Gokmali Khan. He is the director of the corps of "royal pages," and one of his titles is Azizam-Sultan, "Favorite of the Monarch."

Neither minister, vizier nor royal prince has ever yet been allowed to sit at the shah's table, but Gokmali Khan is an exception to this law of the Persians. He is constantly by his master's side, and has more servants to wait upon him than any two of the royal ministers. The explanation of this extraordinary treatment is to be found in the Persian monarch's conviction that his life is inseparably and mysteriously bound up with that of Gokmali Khan, and that wise men have foretold that the shah's death will be preceded only a few days by that of his young favorite; that the health and prosperity of the latter will mean the health and prosperity of the former, and that, generally, whatever befalls this little one will also happen to his royal protector. This belief has resulted in the boy leading a life of ease and luxury unknown to the most fortunate courtiers in Toheran. He was seated on the knees of two magnificent grandees on the shah's entry into St. Petersburg.—New York Star.

The Cause of Fainting.

Chief among the causes of fainting attacks in churches and other places of public meeting are overheating and impurity of atmosphere. Both are to a great extent preventable, but, though some success has been gained in the way of prevention, much remains to be done before the air in our large assembly rooms can be regarded as pure enough to meet the requirements of a large audience. The introduction of the electric light has brought some relief, and the purifying effect of artificial ventilation, as represented by the fan system and the heated exit due, is quite appreciable. There is still, however, a wide field open, and the inventor of a perfect system of ventilation for public buildings will not only be a public benefactor, but should also reap a very substantial reward.—New York Telegram.

It Doesn't Always Work.

Old Dobson (to his congressman)—You are right. Men often make a goal for themselves early in life and work up to it. Now, I knew a bright, young fellow who told me that he intended to go to congress. I took more than a passing interest in his case. He worked like a beaver; went west, where everything was new, and at the end of twenty years—

Congressman (interrupting)—Had a seat in congress, had he?

Dobson—No; he had twenty-nine buck shot in his anatomy; got 'em while robbing a hen roost.

"Oh!"—Drake's Magazine.

Doctors Disagree.

When doctors disagree who shall decide, as frequently has been remarked. Twenty-eight doctors in Boston were asked about the healthfulness of drinking ice water. Sixteen pronounced it beneficial. Twelve agreed it was very good if not taken in excess. Three didn't know, and only seven thought it ought to be left alone. So let the man who enjoys ice water go on with his beverage.—Detroit Free Press.

And always have a bottle of Ackers' English Remedy in the house. You cannot tell how soon a group may strike you little one, or a cold or cough may fasten itself upon you. One dose is a preventive and a few doses a positive cure. All Throat and Lung troubles yield to its treatment. And the Remedy guaranteed by H. C. Hoberman & Co.

A Stroke in Time Saves Nine.

This is an old adage, and a true one, and no one will dispute it. It applies to many things generally, and to only one thing especially, Colic in Horses. It is a remedy that cannot be exceeded.

Sold in Marion, O., by W. E. Foye, Druggist.

Colic's Carbolic Soap.

Is a medicinal Tinct. Soap, absolutely pure and free from the deleterious chemicals used in many of the so-called skin soaps. It purifies the skin, always the irritation of sunburn, rash and prickly heat, softens the hands and prevents roughness and chapping, cures blackheads, pimples and skin blemishes, and preserves, freshens and beautifies the complexion. It produces a soft, creamy emulsion even in hard water, and is a positive remedy for the bath, the toilet and the nursery. It is only the carbolic soap, the value of which is known and the best known. Price 25 cents. Sold by W. E. Foye.

Foot Follows.

A youth lost a girl of the ballet and might be tossed on his pallet. And grained and dispirited. When he found that the fair loved a duke with a comely wallet.



EXAMINE BEFORE YOU BUY.

When in a grocer's store you stand
And cakes of IVORY SOAP demand,
Be careful not to be misled
And imitations take instead,
For dealers oft will praise bring
Of that which may more profit bring.
Let not your senses clouded be
Because a snowy cake you see,
For villainy is not confined
To darkest colors, bear in mind,
And oft the sham is not remote
From fairest face or whitest coat.
Examine well with careful eye
The cake until the name you spy,
And always thus be well assured
That IVORY SOAP you have procured;
And should a lingering doubt remain,
'Twill vanish like the darkest stain,
When in the tub on washing day
That cake of soap is brought in play.

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory'"; they ARE NOT, but like counterfeiters, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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Asthma, and tickling cough. 25 cents.

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THE JUDGE GOES FISHING.

He Gives Us Rare Pointers on the Finny Tribe, but Has Bad Luck.

After coaxing and flattery for three or four days the Judge finally consented to go fishing with us. There was nothing of the egotist about him, but his friends from Baltimore had given us to understand that he was a great man. He was a scientist, a savant, a philosopher, a statesman, a historian, a geologist and a great deal more, and when we got him to talking about fish he gave us pointers on the finny tribe clear back to the days of the ark.

After a sail of two miles we got down to the fishing grounds, and as it was just half flood each one had plenty of business on hand for the next hour. The Judge was on my right, and while I was pulling in a lively fish every other minute he didn't get a single bite. I heard him muttering and growling, but had no time to investigate. It was only after the run, and when each one was counting up from twenty-five to sixty as his catch, that the Judge broke out with:

"And here I've sat all this time and not caught a single one!"

I took hold of his line and drew it in, and there was a knife-sharp hook and both dead. They had drowned themselves. There was a roar of laughter, and when it had subsided the Judge innocently protested:

"Well, how was I to know I had a fish? The water is so deep I can't see 'em!"—Detroit Free Press.

She Shot on Her Bail.

We had long since voted her the prettiest girl in the town. This would have been an offset for her lack of fishing. If she had only known it, but we were saying a word for her of spooling her, and by and by she looked up to the grizzly old captain and asked:

"Captain, shouldn't I sit on my bail to bring luck?"

"Guess you should," he replied. "Lemme put on a fresh shirt and then you can spit."

"Real hard?"

"Yes."

"All the spit I can?"

"Yes."

She held the hook within three inches of her nose, twisted her tongue three or four times and then gave a "fish-chort." We saw something fly overhead, heard a scream of despair, and next moment the prettiest girl fell in a heap in the bottom of the boat. She had thrown both plates of false teeth out of her head into twenty feet of water.—New York Sun.

A First-Class Point.

A Detroit drummer lately put up in a hotel at a small town one night to find the fare the very poorest, the beds the worst he ever saw, and the house run in such a way as to amaze him. After a breakfast which he secretly tasted, he entered the office and said to the landlady: "What kind of a caravansary do you call this?"

"A first-class hotel, sir."

"You must be crazy!" Show me one single first-class point about it!"

"The prices, sir. You have had supper, lodging and breakfast. Three dollars, if you please, and if you want a ride down at the bus that will be a quarter more."—Detroit Free Press.

The Point of View.

First Traveler (looking out through the car window)—These continuous runs are bad for the business of this country.

Second Traveler—Not at all, sir. They stimulate trade in many ways. The turnover—

"Better the farmer! What business are you in?"

"I'm an umbrella maker, sir, if you insist on knowing."

"And I'm a stockholder in a professional baseball club, confound you!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Deadly Parrot.

Imported.

Customer—Give me a good imported cigar, will you?

Dinner-writer—Ya, here was a very fine article.

Customer—Can I depend on this being good?

Dinner-writer—Ya, dot was a imported cigar of my own manufacture.—America.

Not for Keeps.

Jones—I'm going to give up the use of tobacco in any form.

Brown—Nonsense! You know you can't quit enough backbone to do so.

Jones—Haven't I, thought? Well, you just ask my wife if I haven't done so a score of times.—Omaha World-Herald.

Perhaps He Went to Take a Swim.

Mr. Gazzam—Where's John?

Mrs. Gazzam—He's gone down town to take a bath.

Mr. Gazzam—What for?

Mrs. Gazzam—He's gone down town to take a bath.

Mr. Gazzam—What for?

Mrs. Gazzam—He's gone down town to take a bath.

Four Bats.

"Were you at the party last night, Brownley?"

"No; my wife went. I stayed at home and took care of the baby."

"Well, what kind of a time did you have?"

"Rocky."—Commercial Traveller.

IN FREE READING ROOMS.

QUEER CHARACTERS WHO HAUNT NEW YORK'S LIBRARIES.

Three That Act Alike, Yet Do Not Know Each Other—An Old Man Who Never Takes Anything but Author's Classical Dictionary—A Student of Longevity.

In many public libraries of this city there are daily to be seen some decidedly eccentric characters. Their faces are familiar to all the attaches of the place they frequent, and every occasional visitor has speculated at one time or other about them.

In the Mercantile library, for instance, there are three men who spend the entire day there reading anything and everything, and this they have been doing for years. One is an elderly man and both the others are middle-aged. They are at the door of the room when it opens in the morning at 9 o'clock. They take their seats in the most methodical fashion and begin. One of them occasionally goes down stairs, gets a book from the library, and returning in a few moments, settles himself in his corner with a grunt of satisfaction and then appears oblivious to his surroundings for hours.

At noon, or thereabouts, this trio goes out to luncheon. Not together, as each seems to be unaware of the similarity of the other's habits. Sometimes one comes back in twenty minutes, sometimes in thirty, but none would presume to remain away longer than an hour.

In the afternoon their pastime is again resumed, and it is continued until the doors close at night, when they go away reluctantly.

When the library made a rule to close at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoons, these people and several others protested against the early closing movement as an outrage.

Over at the Astor library there was formerly a peculiar looking German who wore waxed ringlets and a tremendous necktie. He studied Goethe intently, and made notes by the bushful on dirty scraps of paper that he picked from the floor or fished from his pockets. He has been missed for some time.

There is one nice looking, white haired old gentleman who comes to the Cooper Union reading room in the neighborhood of 2 o'clock every day and calls for "Anthony's Classical Dictionary," which is a sort of biography of eminent ancient characters.

He never asks for anything else, and when he is seen to enter, the librarian, if not busy, goes to the case and brings that work to the desk.

The peculiar thing about this character is that he has been pursuing this custom ever since 1883. The reading room was closed during the extensive alterations to the building during '85 and '86. When it reopened almost the first visitor was this same white haired old gentleman, and Mr. Curtis, the librarian, could not repress a broad smile as the old gentleman stepped before his desk and, laying down his check, said, "How d'ye do? Glad you're open again," and then added, unconcernedly, "Anthony's Classical Dictionary, please."

There is another queer fellow who comes into the same reading room and follows the attendants around as they file newspapers and periodicals. As soon as the attendant places one of these in its proper place the queer individual takes it up and rapidly turns it and scans the pages. When the next one is placed he props the first and skims over the second. This he does with each and every one. He seems to have no definite object in doing this, as he cares not what the publication may be.

At first the library assistants did not know what to make of him, but they are used to him now and would miss his companionship were he to leave off.

There is a third man who is also a daily visitor, and he must have information enough stored away in his breast to run the world.

He is probably between 55 and 60 years old. He has an air of comfort about him, and might be taken for a one time workman who had amassed a competence upon which he proposed to live at his ease for the rest of his days. He has been coming to the library for several years and began his reading on volume 1 of the American Encyclopedia. That book he called for every day for goodness knows how long, and when he had presumably exhausted its contents he began on volume 2, and so he continued until he came to the last volume.

Then he began on volume 1 again and went over the entire ground. It is thought that he has read the Encyclopedia at least a dozen times, and he is still at it.

Up at the Mechanics' library on West Sixteenth street an old man had been a frequent visitor. He was fully 85 years old and feeble at that. He had a mania for reading books on longevity, and bored for hours over "Inman's Preservation of Life," "Collins' Secret of Long Life," and books of the kind.

"Look at that old man," said the librarian one day to his assistant. "I don't think his deep study on the preservation of life will keep him from the grave much longer. He has been looking badly for a week or two, and appears to be at the edge of the precipice now." The prophecy proved correct, for the next thing heard of the old man was that he had been called from this weary world, and the knowledge gleaned from Collins or Inman did not suffice to keep him.

Another character at the Mechanics' library is an old lady who revels in the most sentimental love stories. Then there are several misses who "draw out books of the deepest philosophy," "just to show the high taste they have," the man at the desk says, and there are a number of old men who delight in reading tales of adventures for boys.

The ubiquitous tramp is a frequent caller at the Mechanics' and other free reading rooms, especially during cold or rainy weather.

One very peculiar thing about him, though, is his aversion to reading and his ability to sleep behind a newspaper without a quiver of the hand.—New York News.

Prostration from Heat.

The effects of undue exposure to heat vary widely, and are by no means always proportionate to the temperature to which the person has been exposed. The so called sun stroke, or heat stroke, may occur either in the direct rays of the sun or in hot rooms, such as laundry rooms or the holds of steamships. Attacks may occur in the night as well as during the day, and, in general, are to be feared at times when the atmosphere is loaded with moisture, so that free perspiration is checked. Experience shows that the drinking of ice water, when the body is overheated, is a prolific cause of these attacks. All degrees of severity are met with, from the lightest attack of headache and dizziness to the sudden stroke which ends in death within a few minutes. Some authorities would make three distinct degrees of heat prostration, although the line is seldom distinctly drawn in any given case.

The first variety includes those cases which show nothing more than a sudden faintness, muscular weakness and dizziness, with, perhaps, nausea and vomiting. The surface of the body is cool, the pulse rapid and feeble. In such cases rest in a recumbent position in a cool place for a few hours will generally give relief.

In the second class of cases, the respiration and heart's action are affected, and the patient may die suddenly of syncope. Active measures must be entered upon at once. The patient should be removed to a cool spot, the clothing removed or loosened, and cold water applied to the head. Complete recovery from the effects may not take place for years.

The third form is the most severe, and in the majority of cases proves fatal. The sufferer becomes unconscious, the skin is dry, the pulse slow and full, the face flushed, and the breathing labored. Generally there is entire unconsciousness, and sometimes convulsions. The temperature runs excessively high, and the first attempt should be to bring it to the normal point. For this purpose cold baths and the application of ice are indicated. As soon as the temperature is lessened stimulation must be commenced to counteract the great depression which always follows. It is important to remember that there is little danger from heat so long as the perspiration is free. By bearing this in mind many who are exposed might not doubt the threatened attack by leaving work and seeking shelter as soon as the diminution in perspiration is noticed.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Walk with Gladstone.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor has thus described Mr. Gladstone's appearance while they were out for a walk together at Hawarden:

Standing close to him than I had ever been before, I was rather surprised at the slenderness of his figure. He is an innocent of the ample waist that marks with all of us the approach of middle age, although he was got a youth. His shoulders are not as broad as I had thought, and his whole impression I got was of a physiognomy very rather than broad or strong. His limbs especially seemed active, and he moved about with the alacrity of a man who had never allowed himself to be troubled with an ounce of superfluous flesh.

I cannot describe adequately the effect of his face upon me. It gave to the great gladiator a sweetness and gentleness that touched his gravity. I had a good look at his face just as we were about to walk down. It is an extraordinary face, and, like a beautiful prospect in nature, reveals new beauties under every new phase. The complexion has a pallor—healthy but at the same time, and then that gives him a pleasantly airy air. Immense air of distinction, and to my eyes at least, adds greatly to the beauty of the splendid face.

Mr. Gladstone, I have always thought, looked better when he was down in the house of commons after a strong and vehement speech. He is decidedly pale, his breath comes and goes quickly, his broad forehead and thin expression—wrapt, grave, simple—shall I call it an air of apostolic benignity—that is beautiful to see. I caught something of this look as he ascended the hill to his little cell of breath. There was a sweet gravity in the expression that seemed to give me a new insight into his character. You know that many people, used to his great, parting, fiery, and stern, faces the impression of Mr. Gladstone that he is the French call rose, or, in plain English, somewhat of an old fox. He himself also fancies that he is a very old dog; and then he has a certain content and quizzical look in his eyes which—that is beautiful to see. I caught something of this look as he ascended the hill to his little cell of breath. 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The Largest Stock, The Best Quality, The Lowest Prices

—ON—

CHINAWARE, QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND LAMPS,

—IS FOUND AT—

THE PEOPLE'S STORE.

COAL!

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished, front room at No. 28 north East street.

FOR RENT—One room on first, one on second, and the large hall on third floor, all in the Cummins block. Enquire of John F. Uhler.

LOST—Gold seal pin, imitation of collar of rope, lost in the business part of Marion. Finder will please leave at office of Hotel Marion and be rewarded.

WANTED—Good girl to do general housework. Inquire of Mrs. J. J. Hany, on east Center street.

WANTED—A dishwasher, German girl preferred. Good wages will be paid to right person. Inquire at First & Ballou street.

Nice Jersey sweet potatoes at Cully & Stone's.

Bob Fenton returned home today from his visit to Pennsylvania.

Miss Alice Dane is making a visit with relatives at Sidney, Ohio.

Buy fruit jars at the People's store, also extra rubbers and lids for jars.

Mrs. J. W. Hendly and son, George, are visiting friends in California.

Black Velvet Ribbons, we have from No. 1 to No. 12.

Gay Kendrick left this morning for Indianapolis where he will remain a couple of days.

The Marion Steam Show of works began working at night this week in order to keep up with the rush of orders.

Miss Little Bower, who has been visiting in Gallatin for several weeks, returned to her home in this city on Friday.

Phishon, Velecs and Trimming Siles, we have an elegant line, at bottom prices.

Upper Sandusky Union. Miss Maggie Leonard, of Marion, who has been the guest of the Misses Hodges, has returned home.

The C. and V. rates to Milwaukee, from Aug. 21 to 28, inclusive, have been reduced \$7.00. The rate previously announced was \$9.00.

Major Galley and family, L. Denison and wife and Mrs. Powers were at Prospect, Friday, and spent the day on the banks of the Scioto.

Upper Sandusky Unit. Miss Florence Berry left yesterday noon for Marion, where she will join a party of friends and from there go to Chautauqua.

Miss Carrie Scanton returned to her home at Chicago today, after a short visit in this city, the guest of Miss Florence Eckhart, on east Center street.

Ladies, call and look through our new stock of Dress Goods. Choice patterns and low prices have attracted numerous sales already.

Ladies News. Miss M. B. Chase, of Marion, has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Quigley, this week.

Plums and peaches are now at a reasonable price, and, as we will be receiving them in large quantities direct from the growers, we can furnish them in any quantity at bottom prices.

CHASE & HUNTER

FOR SALE—One of the finest lots in Marion, next to Fred Isselb's and just across from the nice residence sold by us yesterday to Louise Scherer. We will hold it at \$500 but a short time, when the price will be \$600.

FOR SALE—We want especially to call your attention to some lots centrally located. They are the cheapest lots in Marion for the location. We have some lot two squares from the City Hall for \$500, and for a starter to any one who will take \$450 forth. This offer is only good for one lot.

FOR SALE—There are only a few of these lots on John street left; so go, see them yourselves accordingly.

Plenty of nice peaches and plums at Cully & Stone's.

Spectacles and smoked eye glasses cheap at the People's store.

Michael O'Connell, of Austin, Tex., has returned to this city on a short visit with relatives.

Prof. Bart, of Berea, will hold quarterly meeting at the German M. E. church next week.

Mrs. John Hermann returned to her home at Columbus today, after a few days' visit in this city.

Donny is back to Marion visiting his friends. He is the guest of his sister, Mrs. B. G. Young.

Old Ivan has a fine lot at his home at Chicago, after a three months stay with friends in this city.

Mr. Charles and Miss Mary Wood, of Castlington, were calling upon their Marion friends Friday.

Rev. Miner will fill his pulpit at the Baptist church until October 1st, when his resignation takes effect.

The teacher's examination was very highly attended today, the applicants numbering less than ten.

Joe Gates and Miss Laura Bowen, of the Huber office force, are at Niagara Falls and Toronto, on a short vacation.

Black Dress Goods, we have a complete line, varying in price from \$1.00 to \$2.00 a yard.

Munger, H. G. Reiser began the telephone line to LeRue this week, and has already completed the work almost to Argos.

L. B. Jones, C. H. V. and F. train this afternoon, and C. L. Rose, of the passenger department, were in the city a few hours today.

There will be no services at the Presbyterian church at LeRue this week, owing to the absence of the pastor, Rev. M. C. Hecht.

Mrs. C. L. Peterson and Miss Maggie Greco, who have been guests of Mrs. C. H. Hany, and family, returned to their home at Columbus today.

S. G. Steyer and W. W. Shuman were exhibiting a Huber sliding outfit at the Pennsylvania and Grangers' picnic, at Williams Grove, near H. H. H. this week.

New Dress Goods at 10, 15, 20 and 25 cents, in plums, stripes, plaids, which will make good, cheap and serviceable school dresses at Scherer Bros., Masonic Block.

Williams & Leffler have opened out their stock of goods, and are ready for the inspection of all who want to see the latest and best merchandise in Marion.

There will be no services at the Presbyterian church on Sunday. The communion was disappointed in its endeavor to secure Rev. Campbell and the announcement has been withdrawn.

The suits were making up at \$18 and \$20 now with \$25 to \$35. Hats at 50 cents worth \$1. Underwear very cheap. Twenty percent off shirts and ties on gold rings, silverware, etc.

On Friday of this week Chase & Hunter sold the John Scherer property, a house and two lots, on Cherry street, to Lewis Scherer, of LeRue township, for \$1675. Mr. Scherer will remove to Marion in the spring.

A choice just opened another large lot of Marion's fine cattle, which we received from the factory every day. If you like fine cows and calves, then you can make them yourself do not fail to try them.

On August 20th to 28th, inclusive, the Columbus, Locking Valley and Toledo railway will sell round trip excursion tickets to Milwaukee, Wis., at \$7.50 tickets good returning to September 5th, inclusive, on account of A. R. and company.

The Marion county Prohibitionists will hold their convention for the nomination of county candidates at the City Hall, Marion, on Wednesday, September 14th. Rev. J. B. Helwig, the nominee for governor, will be present and address the convention.

Port Kishler and wife, of Chicago, are spending a few days in the city, guests of Mr. Kishler's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Kishler.

Miss Grace Martin has returned to this city after a few weeks' visit at Chicago. She will visit a couple of days in this city before returning to her home at Upper Sandusky.

Mrs. Eva Osborne is seriously ill at her home on south West street, with neuralgia of stomach, and fears are entertained that she will not be able to take charge of her school in Central building.

Rev. J. E. Williams, of West Virginia conference, will lecture on "The Trial of Christ," Sunday evening, in the M. E. church. Rev. Wallace will fill the pulpit at the usual hour in the morning.

Messrs. Hartmann, Spaulding, Pies and King were out dove shooting Friday and captured about sixty birds. Hartmann recorded the death of nineteen by his gun, but the rest of the party declare that he did not get them until dusk when he took advantage of the birds and shot them in the trees.

The boat that is to float the dredge at the Scioto Water Co. reservoir will be launched on tomorrow afternoon, about three o'clock. The boat is 21x70 and is five feet deep. It is the first ever launched in Marion county. On Monday the dredge will be set up and preparations made for digging.

A party of about twenty members of the L. E. church assembled at the home of their pastor, Rev. Hensley, on south West street Thursday evening. They were very pleasantly entertained by the Rev. and Mrs. Hensley, and the evening spent in such a way that it will long be remembered by those present.

The Bee Line folks began the work of extending their north track, today, from the point where it ends near the Bee Line House, where it begins again near the Huber machine shop. Mayor Galley ordered the work stopped, because the company was going beyond its right of way, not leaving the specified thirteen feet for sale, walk and gutter.

Col. Jim Jacoby has returned after a couple of weeks' stay at Mackinac and has some very interesting stories to relate regarding his experience at that well known resort. One is told of his fishing at that place and the catch which the Colonel made was so great that the water was lowered one foot by the removal of the fish. This beats the record of any of our local fishing excursions.

Sherrill Kelly took Anna Hosack, of Bowling Green township, to the Indiana Asylum at Columbus today. Miss Hosack was formerly an inmate of that institution, but for six years she has been adjudged sane and was at home. Recently she became unmanageable and had to again be taken charge of by the authorities. The Sheriff experienced a good deal of trouble in bringing her in from Bowling Green.

Canton Marion, No. 66, Patriarchs Militant, was mustered into service at Old Fellows' hall on Friday evening of this week by Colonel Bliss, of Columbus, assisted by chevrons from Forest. On account of the sickness of General Bell, of Mansfield, the mustering in was conducted without any display whatever. After work was over, a banquet, such as John Cull knows so well how to serve, was partaken of at his dining hall.

A house on north Main street, owned by John Kendall and occupied by W. Losenger and family, caught fire this afternoon from some unknown cause. The fire originated in the rear part of the house and had gained considerable headway before it was discovered. Both fire departments responded promptly to the call and did some effective work. A greater portion of the contents were removed, but the house was almost entirely consumed by the flames.

The Empress. The rate war is growing warmer, and the outlook is for a general demoralization of the passenger tariff in the state. The Pennsylvania is growing more threatening. They at first were hunting the Monon. Now it is proposed that there will be a general smash-up because the Chicago and Atlantic has contracted to carry 220 people to Columbus to attend the convention of the Grand Lodge of the Patriarchs Militant, September 16th to 23d. The Pennsylvania Company wants some of this business, and one of its officials has declared that the company will get it by means of a general reduction in rates.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.
Fair, warmer weather; variable winds.

A GREAT REPAIR SALE.

EXTENSIVE alterations and improvements are being made in our business room. It brings to light many goods that must be closed out on the spot.

Fall Goods.

Our Mr. Warner is now East, and the most desirable Novelties in Dress Goods are arriving.

WITH the Finest stock of Dress Goods and Cloaks ever shown in Marion, we shall be prepared for the greatest fall business we have ever done.

Low Prices

And no deviation tell the story!

WARNER & EDWARDS.

PAPER BOUND READING MATTER

—IN—

Fiction, Science, History and Biography,

An Excellent Variety, at

W I A N T ' S .

C. W. Leffler's Poultry Yards.

The Marion County Poultry association has secured Music Hall for the purpose of giving a poultry show, which will commence January 24, 1899, and last until the 25th. The progress which this business has made in this county is something astonishing, and although there are many successful raisers of different breeds of poultry in the county, there are none who can compare our fellow townsman, C. W. Leffler, who has, by energetic work and enterprising means, established one of the best yards to be found in the state.

Mr. Leffler's yard is located in the rear of his beautiful residence on Greenwood street, and consists of one and one-half acres of ground covered by buildings and pens, which are used for nothing but breeding purposes. The main building is 100x85 feet and is divided into thirteen breeding pens, each having a run 5x57 feet, and another building is 5x10 feet and divided into two pens, having runs 7x10 feet; also, there are five small houses that are used for breeding purposes, all of which have good runs. In addition to the small runs there are six large runs, four of which are 35x250 feet each, and the other two are 52x61 feet each. All buildings are battened inside and out and lined with tarred paper, and each pen is ventilated from bottom through the roof in addition to side ventilation.

Mr. Leffler deals in nothing but the best strains in America and is meeting with excellent success. Over 300 chickens now occupy his yards, though there are seasons of the year when they number over twice that figure.

C. H. V. and T. Special Rates.

For Delaware County fare, at Delaware, Aug. 26 to 29, the C. H. V. and T. will sell excursion tickets from Columbus, Marion and intermediate points at one fare for round trip.

For Northwestern Ohio fare, at Easton, Aug. 27 to 30, the C. H. V. and T. will sell excursion tickets from Toledo, Marion and intermediate stations at one fare for round trip.

For Ohio State fare, at Columbus, Sept. 2 to 6, the C. H. V. and T. will sell local excursion tickets at one fare for round trip.

For Tri-State fare, at Toledo, Sept. 9 to 13, the C. H. V. and T. will sell excursion tickets from points on Toledo division at one fare for round trip.

For Missouri State convention, at Dayton, O., Aug. 27 and 28, the C. H. V. and T. will sell excursion tickets at rate of one fare for round trip, tickets good returning to 20th, inclusive.

A Horse Injured.

A horse belonging to George Eling, residing about six miles southeast of town, while standing hitched near the court house on Center street this morning, kicked the bug, to which he was attached in such a manner as to break one of the shafts, which entered the animal's right hip to a depth of several inches, inflicting a horrible wound. A number of bystanders were attracted by the struggle of the horse and the shaft was immediately withdrawn. At first it was feared the beast would bleed to death on the street, but it was taken to a place in Johnston's livery stable, where the wound was properly attended, but the horse's recovery is doubtful. The animal was valued at about \$100.

How He Worked It.

Oakland, Md., rejoices in the possession of a dinky citizen who cannot read, but that lack does not prevent him from poring over the newspapers and imagining that he is absorbing information through his finger ends. Not long ago some official had occasion to record his name, when the following colloquy ensued: "What is your name?" "George Newton Sandomire, sah." "How do you spell it?" "Spill it! Don't spell it at all, sah. I just writes it right down."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

On August 21st to 28th inclusive, the Chicago and Atlantic railroad will sell round trip tickets to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, tickets good returning until September 5th inclusive. Purchasers wishing to make side trips from Milwaukee during the encampment can do so by depositing their tickets for safe keeping with the authorized joint agent at Milwaukee who will extend their limit till September 20th inclusive. Fare for the round trip \$7.50. On account national encampment G. A. R.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE

And Pien. The Program To Be Rendered at Speeches Grove, Near Latimer, Minn., on August 28th, 1899.

The following is the program that will be held in Speeches Grove, three-fourths of a mile west of Latimer, Minn., on August 28th, beginning at 10 o'clock a.m.

10:00 a.m. Music.

Prayer, Rev. Edwards.

Address of Welcome, Samuel Hall Response, W. F. Owen.

11:00 a.m. Music.

11:30 a.m. Address, Mrs. Lucius Myers.

12:00 p.m. Music.

12:30 p.m. Question Box and Discussion.

1:00 p.m. Music.

1:30 p.m. Address, Prof. J. E. Baker.

2:00 p.m. Music.

2:30 p.m. Address, "Farmers' Institutes as the Grange and Alliance," Joseph Monnett.

3:00 p.m. Music.

3:30 p.m. Question Box and Discussion.

4:00 p.m. Music.

4:30 p.m. Address, J. K. Leffler, Pres.

5:00 p.m. Music.

5:30 p.m. Address, N. A. E. and W. Excursion Rates.

On September 10th and 20th and October 5th, 1899, the N. A. E. and W. railroad will sell round trip tickets at one limited first class fare for the round trip to all points in Arkansas, southern Missouri, beyond and including Butler, Clinton and Springfield, except that tickets shall not be sold to Missouri river points in any case, to Texas, Indian Territory, New Mexico, Colorado, Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Arizona and Dakota, to Nebraska and Kansas, except Missouri river points, to all points in Northwestern Iowa, west of Iowa Falls, Webster City, Wall Lake, Sioux City, Mason City and Sumner to all points in Minnesota, west of Sleepy Eye, Wilmot, City, Olney, Lake Crystal, Redgate, Morton, Little Falls and Winmar. Tickets to be limited thirty days from date of sale.

On Sept. 10, Excursion to Chicago. The Chicago and Atlantic road will sell round trip tickets at one limited first class fare for the round trip, to all points in Arkansas, southern Missouri, beyond and including Butler, Clinton and Springfield, except that tickets shall not be sold to Missouri river points in any case, to Texas, Indian Territory, New Mexico, Colorado, Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Arizona and Dakota, to Nebraska and Kansas, except Missouri river points, to all points in Northwestern Iowa, west of Iowa Falls, Webster City, Wall Lake, Sioux City, Mason City and Sumner; to all points in Minnesota, west of Sleepy Eye, Wilmot, City, Olney, Lake Crystal, Redgate, Morton, Little Falls and Winmar. Tickets to be limited thirty days from date of sale.

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The pleasant effects and the perfect safety with which ladies may use the liquid fruit laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions make it their favorite remedy. It is pleasant to the eye and to the taste, gently yet effectual in acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels.

Home-Made Wines. A. Ritzhaupt is prepared to deliver his famous home-made wines to any part of Marion. These wines are of his own making, are pure and are highly recommended by physicians for medicinal use. He has Calawaba, Concord, Delaware, Elvoh and other brands. Give them a trial. Call at his cellar at residence if you desire to select.

HALF-PRICE!

All the Remnants we have in our store on one table.

The place for

Bargain - Seekers!

REMINANTS

All Kinds
Dress Goods,
Sateens,
Cloths,
Flannels,
Lawns,
White Goods,
Ginghams,
Muslins,
Prints,
Ticking,
Crash,
Trimmings.

Remnants in Everything!

FRASH'S DRY GOODS HOUSE,

1st Door West of P. O.

◁MERCHANT TAILORING▷

WILLIAMS & LEFFLER,

THE

LEADING MERCHANT TAILORS

And Now Showing Their

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

A Perfect Fit and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

PRICES REASONABLE.

Right now is the time to buy

COAL!

CHEAP.

—AT—

PRENDERGASTS'.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE STAR.

GET YOUR MEALS

—AT—

CULL'S DINING HALL,

Refitted and Better than ever.

REGULAR MEALS

(THE BEST IN THE CITY)

—FOR—

25 CTS.

Special Dishes Served to Order.

Oysters at All Times.

LUNCHEON STAND IN CONNECTION.

TICKETS (20 MEALS), \$3.50.

My old patrons and all new ones are invited to call.

JOHN CULL,

2d Door East of Court House.

DOXSEE'S PURE CLAM JUICE!

Natural Medicine, an Agreeable, Not a Nauseous Dose.

"Throw physic to the dogs!"—Shakespeare or Bacon?

INVIGORATING and appetizing if taken cold before eating in the morning. It tones up the system, settles a disordered stomach. A gentle, but sure cathartic. If a medicinal cocktail must be indulged in, it will counteract its bad effects as to stomach and brain. An absolute and sure preventive of sea sickness. Its components are closely allied to the gastric juices of the stomach.

AN Antidote to Intoxicants. If taken regularly, fresh and cold, three times a day, before each meal, it will put the stomach in such a shape that the necessity for stimulants will not be felt, and excessive desire can be toned down to simple moderation. I shall keep Clam Juice constantly on hand to be served free, hot or cold, to my customers. Knowing positively from experience that it will do all that is claimed for it above, I will try in every way to promote its use, as it is not only a tonic, but a sure antidote. I will only be too glad to do so.

Have also for sale Buckingham whisky, old Maryland, fully matured, seven years old, the best in the country.

ENGLISH KITCHEN, R. HALL, Proprietor.